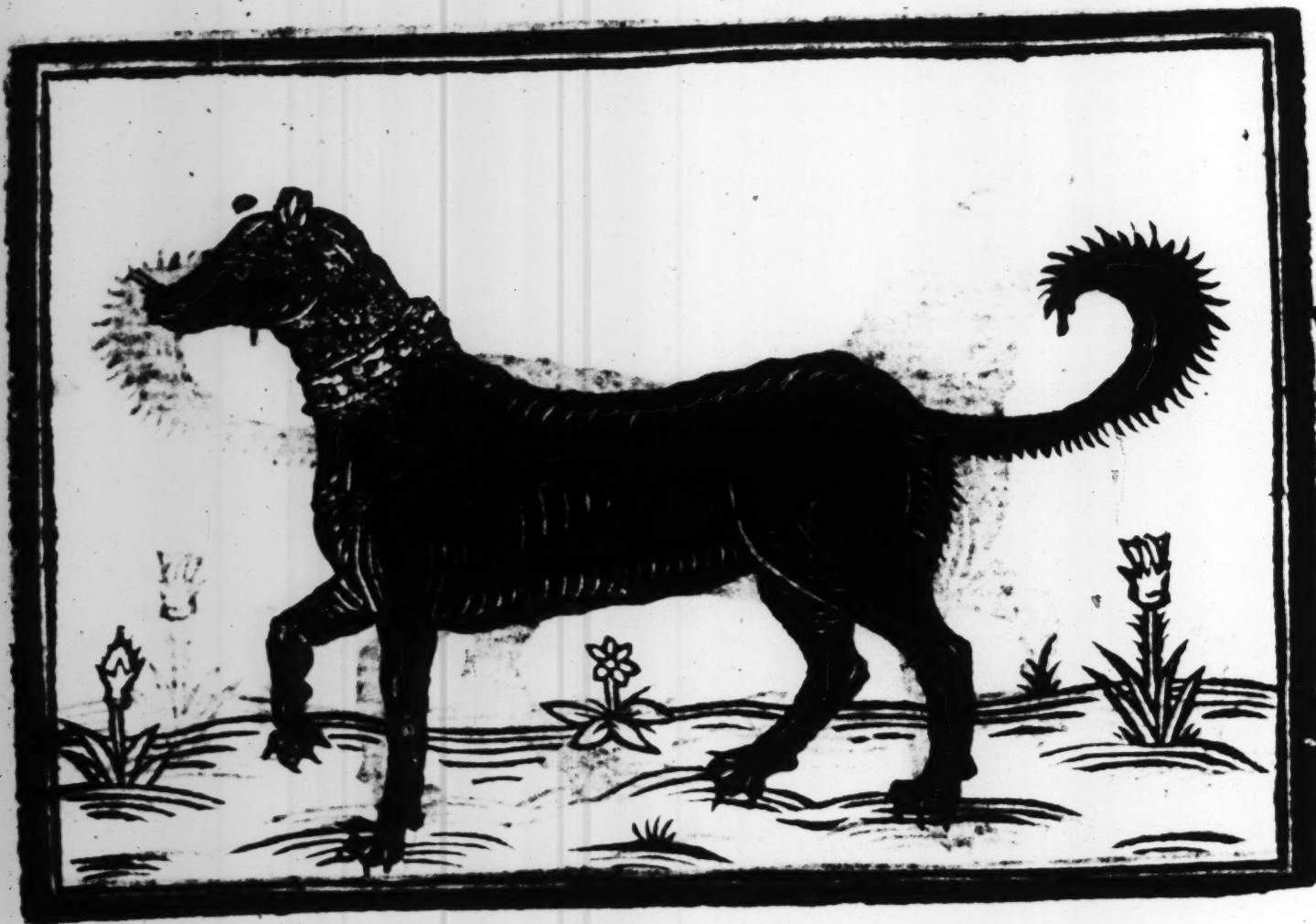


A
DOGG
OF
VVARRE.



R. B.

A
DOGG
OF
VVARRE.



5
A Dog of VV ar,

OR,

The Trauels of *Drunkard*, the
famous Curre of the Round
Woolstaple in *Westminster*.

His Seruices in the *Netherlands*, and
lately in *France*, with his
home Returne.



By *Iohn Taylor*.

The Argument and contents of this Discourse
is in the next Page or Lease.



Printed by *I Perse l*, for *O perse O*, and *C*
perse C, and are to be solde at the Signe
of the *Adithong*.



The Argument.

AN honest, well-
knowing and well-
knowne Souldier, (whose
name for some Reasons I
conceale) dwelt lately in
VVestminster), in the
round Woolstaple, he was a
man onely for Action, but
such Action as Loyalty did
alwayes iustifie, either for
his Prince, Countrey, or
A 3 their

their Deere and neere
Freinds or Allies ; in such
noble designs Hee would
and did often with courage,
and good Arouement em-
ploy himselfe in the Low-
Countreys, hauing alwaies
with him a little blacke
Dogg, whom hee called
Drunkard ; which Curre
would (by no meanes) e-
uer forsake or leaue him.
But lately in these French
Warrs, the Dogg being in
the Isle of RHEA, where
his

his Master (valiantly fighting) was unfortunately slaine, whose death was griev'd for by as many as knew him; and as the Corps lay dead, the poore louing Masterlesse Dogg would not forsake it, untill an English Souldier pulld off his Masters Coate, whom the Dog followed to a Boat, by which meanes he came backe to Westminster, wher hee now remaines. Vpon whose fidelity, (for the

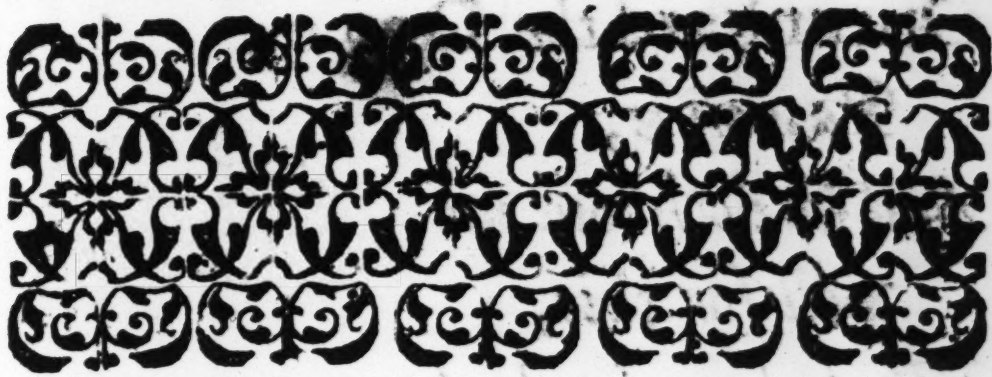
loue I owed his deseased
Master) I haue writ these
following lines, to expresse
my Adiction to the Pro-
uerb, Loue me and loue
my Hound ; I haue a
little rubb'd our Gull-gal-
lant Roarers ouer the Cox-
combes, and withall I haue
not forgotten our nose-wise
Prescifians: If the Dogg
Drunkard doe a little
snap at them, I hold it
their wisest way to be silent
and put it vp, but if they
will

will bee maundring, let
them expect what fol-
lowes.

TO

Handwritten text, possibly a title or header, appearing at the top of the page. The text is faint and difficult to decipher.

OT



To the Reader.

R Eader, if you expect
from hence,
For ouerplus of Witt
or Sence,
I deale with no such
Traffique :

Heroicks and
Iambiks I,
My Buskinde Muse hath
layd them by,
Pray be content with
Saphicke.

Drum-

Durunkard the Dog my
Patron is,
And he doth loue me
well for this,
Whose loue I take for
Guerdon;
And hee's a Dog of Mars,
his Train.
Who hath seene men and
Horses slaine,
The like was neuer
heard on.

A Dog



A Dogge of VVarre.

STand cleare my matters
ware your shinnis,
For now to Barke my
Muse Begins,
Tis of a Dogg I
write now ;
Yet let me tell you
for excuse,
That Muse or Dogg, or
Dogg or Muse,
Haue no entent to
Bite now.

In

A Dogg of Warre.

In doggrell Rimes my
Lines are writt,
As for a Dogg I thought
it fitt.

And fitting Best his
Carkas,

Had I beene silent as
a Stoick,

Or had I writt in

Verse Heroick,

Then had I beene a

Starke Affe.

Old *Homer* wrot of

Froggs and Mice,

And *Rablaies* wrot of

Nitts and Lice,

And *Virgil* of

A Flye,

One

A Dogge of Warre.

One wrot the **Treatise**
of the **Foxe**

Another prais'd the
Frenchmans Pox

Whose praise was but
a **Lyc.**

Great *Alexander* had
a **Horse,**

A famous **Beast** of
mighty **force**

Y cleap'd **Buce-**
phalus :

He was a stout and
sturdy **Steed,**

And of an ex'lent **Race**
and **Breed,**

But that concerns
not vs.

I list

A Dogg of Warre.

I list not write the
babe praise
Of Apes, or Owles, or
Popinjaies.
Or of the Catt

Grimmalkin,
But of a true and trusty
Dogg,
Who well could faune,
but neuer cogg,
His praise my Pen must
walke in.

And Drunkard he is
falsly nam'd,
For with that Vice he
ne're was blam'd,
For he loues not god

Bacchus:

The

A Dog of warre.

The Kitchen he esteems
more deere,
Then Cellers full of
Wine or Beere,
Which oftentimes doth
wrecke vs.

He is no Mastiffe, huge
of lim,
Or Waterspaniell, that
can swim,
Nor Bloudhound or
no Setter:

No Bobtaile Tyke, or
Trundle-taile,
Nor can he Partridge spring
or Quaile,
But yet he is much
better.

B

No

A Dogg of Warre

No Daynty Ladies
sitting Hound,
That liue's vpon our
Britaine Ground

No Mungrell Cur or
Shogh :

Should Litters, or whole
Kennells dare

With honest Drunkard
to compare,

My pen writes, marry
fough.

The Otter Hound, the
Foxe Hound, nor
The swift foote Grey hound
car'd he for,

Nor Cerberus Hells

Bandog;

His

A Dogg of warre,
His seruice prooues them
Curres and Tikes,
And his renowne a
terror strikes
In Water dog and
Land dog;
Gainst braue Buquoy, or
stout Dampiere,
He durst haue bark'd
withouten feare
Or 'gainst the hot
Count Tyll:
At Bergtn Laguer and
Bredha,
Against the Noble
Spinola,
He shewd himselfe not
silly.

B 2

He

A Dogg of Warre.

He seru'd his Master
at commands,
In the most warlike
Netherlands,
In Holland, Zealand,
Brabant,
He to him still was
true and iust,
And if his fare were but
a Crust,
He patiently would
knab on't.
He durst not haue stood
sterne *Ajax* frowne,
When wise *Ulysses*
talk'd him downe,
In graue *Diobus*
illis,
when

A Dogg of Warre.

When he by cunning
prating woon
The Armour, from
fierce Tellamon,
That longed to

Acbilles :

Braue Drunkard, oft on
Gods deere ground,
Tooke such poore lodging
as he found,
In Towne, Feild, Campe
or Cottage,
His Bed but cold, his
dyetthin,
He oft in that poore case
was in,
To want both Meate and
Pottage.

B 3

Two

A Dogg of Warre.

Two rowes of Teeth for
Armes he bore,
Which in his mouth he
alwaies wore,
Which seru'd to fight and
feed to :

His grumbling for his
Drum did passe,
And barking (lowd) his
Ordnance was,
Which help'd in time of
need to.

His Tayle his Ensigne
he did make,
VVhich he would oft display,
and shake,
Fast in his Poope
vpreared :

His

A Dogg of Warre.

His Powder hot, but
somewhat danke,
His Shot in (sent) most
dangerous ranke,
VVhich sometimes made him
feared :

Thus hath he long seru'd
neere and farr,
VVell known to be A
Dog of Warr,
Though he ne're shot with
Musket ;

Yet Cannons roare, or
Culuerings,
That whizzing through
the VVelkin sings,
He flighted as a
Pusse Car

A Degg of Warre.

For Guns, nor Drums,
nor Trumpets clang,
Nor hunger, cold, nor
many a pang,
Could make him leave his

Master:

In ioy, and in
adversity,
In plenty, and in
pouerty,
He often was a

Taster.

Thus seru'd he on the
Belgia Coast,
Yet nere was heard to
brag or boast,
Of seruices don by
him:

He

A Dogg of Warre.

He is no Pharisey
to blow
A Trumpet, his good
deeds to show,
T'is pittie to bely
him.

At last he home return'd
in peace,
Till warrs, and iarrs, and
scarrs encrease
Twixt vs, and France,
in malice :

Away went he and
crost the Sea,
With's Master, to the
Isle of Rhea,
A good way beyond
Callice.

He

A Dogg of warre.

He was so true, so good,
so kind,
He scorn'd to stay at home
behinde,
And leaue his Master
frustrate ;
For which, could I like
Ouid write,
Or else like *Virgill* could
endite,
I would his praise
illustrate.

I wish my hands could
neuer stirre,
But I doe loue a
thankefull Curre
More then a Man
ingratefull :

And

A Dogg of Warre.

And this poore Doggs
fidelitie,
May make a thankles
Knaue descry
How much that vice is
hatefull.

For why? of all the
faults of Men,
Which they haue got from
Hells black den,
Ingratitude the
worst is :
For treasons, murthers,
incests, rapes,
Nor any sinne in
any shapes,
So bad, nor so
accurst is.

A Dogg of warre.

I hope I shall no
anger gaine,
If I doe write a word
or twaine,

How this Dogge was
distressed:

His Master being
wounded dead,
Shot, cut, and slash'd, from
heelee to head,
Thinke how he was
opressed.

To lose him that he
loued most,
And be vpon a forreigne
Coast,

Where no man would
Releiu him :
He

A Dogge of Warre.

He lick'd his Masters
wounds in loue,
And from his Carkas
would not moue,
Although the fight
did grieue him.

By chaunce a Soldier
passing by,
That did his Masters
Coate espy,
And quick away he
tooke it;

But Drunkard followed
to a Boate,
To haue againe his Masters
Coate,
Such theft he could not
brooke it.
So

A Dogg of Warre.

So after all his woe
and wrack,
To *Westminster* he was
brought back,
A poore halfe starued
Creature ;
And in remembrance of
his cares,
Vpon his back he
closely weares
A Mourning Coate by
nature.

Liue *Drunkard*, sober
Drunkard liue,
I know thou no offence
wilt giue,
Thou art a harmeles
dumb thing;

And

A Dogge of Warre.

And for thy loue I'le
freely grant,
Rather then thou shouldst
euer want,
Each day to giue thee
something.

For thou hast got a
good report,
Of which ther's many a
Dog comes short,
And very few Men

gaine it;
Though they all dangers
brauely bide,
And watch, fast, fight, runne,
goe and ride,
Yet hardly they

Attaine it.

Some

A Degg of Warre.

Some like **Dominicall Letters**
goe,
In **Scarlet** from the top
to toe,
Whose valour's talke and
smooke all.
Who make, (God sink'em)
their discourse,
Refuse, Renounce, or Dam,
that's worse,
I wish a halter
Choake all.

Yet all their talke is
Bastinado,
Strong Armado
Hot Scalado,
Smoaking
Trinidado.

2mo2

Of

A Dogg of warre,
Of Canualado,
Pallizado,
Of the secret
Ambuscado,
Boasting with
Brauoado.

If Swearing could but
make a Man,
Then each of these is
one that can
With Oathes, an Army
scatter :
If Oathes could conquer
Fort, or Hold,
Then I presume these
Gallants could
With Braggs, a Castle
batter.

C

Let

A Dogg of Warre:

Let such but thinke on

Drunkards fame,

And note therewith

their merits blame,

How both are

vniuersall;

Then would such Coxcomb

blush to see

They by a Dog outstrip'd

should be,

Whose praise is worth

reherfall.

The times now full of
danger are,

And we are round ingadg'd
in warre,

Our Foes would faine

distresse vs:

Yet

A Dogg of warre,
Yet many a stubborne
mizer knaue,
Will giue no Coyne his
Throat to saue,
If he were stor'd like
Cressus.

These hidebound Varlets,
worse then *Turks*,
Top full with Faith, but no
Good workes,
A crew of fond
Precise-men;
In factions, and in
emulation,
Caterpillers of a
Nation,
Whom few esteeme
for wise men.

A Dogg of Warre.

But leauing such to mend,
or end:

Back to the Dogge my Verse
doth bend,

Whose worth, the subiect

mine is:

Though thou a doggs life
here dost leade,

Let not a doggs death strike
thee dead,

And make thy fatall

Finis.

Thou shalt be *Stellifide*
by me,

I'le make the *Dog-star*
wayte on thee,

And in his roome I'le

seate thee:

When

A Dogg of Warre.

When *Soll* doth in his
 Progressse swindge,
And in the Dog-daies
 hotly findge,
He shall not ouer
 heate thee.

So honest *Drunkard*
 now adue,
Thy praise no longer
 I'le pursue,
But still my loue is
 to thee:

And when thy life is
 gon and spent,
These Lines shall be thy
 Monument,
And shall much seruice
 doe thee.

A Dogg of Warre.

I lou'd thy Master, so
did all

That euer knew him,
great and small,
And he did well

deserue it:

For he was honest,
valient, good,
And one that manhood
vnderstood,
And did till death
preserue it.

For whose sake, I'll
his Dog prefer,
And at the Dogge at
Westminster
Shall *Drunkard* be a
Bencher;

Where

A Dogg of Warre.

Where I will set a
worke his chapps,
Not with bare bones, or
broken scapps,
But Victualls from my
Trencher.

All those my Lines that
Ill digest,
Or madly doe my
meaning wrest,
In malice, or

derision:

Kinde *Drunkard*, preethee
bite them all,
And make them reele
from wall to wall,
With Wine, or Maults
incision.

A Dogg of Warre.

I know when foes did
fight or parle,
Thou valiantly wouldst
grin and snarle,
Against an Army
aduerse;
Which made me bold, with
rustick Pen
Stray here and there, and
back agen,
To blaze thy fame in
mad Verse.

It was no Auaritious
scope,
Or flattery, or the windy
hope
Of any fee, or
stipend:

For

A Deeg of Warre.

For none, nor yet for
all of these,
Bur only my poore
selfe to please,
This mighty Volume
I Pen'd.

ANNO.

*This Storie's writ the
day and yeare,
That Seacoales were
exceeding deere.*

Thus

THus the old Proverbe is fulfilled, *A Dogge shall haue his day:* And this Dogge hath not out liu'd his Reputation, but (to the perpetuall renowne of himselfe, and good example of his owne begotten Pup-pies) he hath his bright day of Fame perspicuously shining.

I read in *Anthony Gueuaroa* his *Golden Epistles*, that the Great *Alexander* buried his *Horse*; that the Emperour *Augustus* made a stately Monument for his *Parrot*: and that *Heligabalus* did embaulme and intombe his *Sparrow*. Happy were those Creatures in dying before their Masters: I could with all my heart haue been glad that *Drunkards* fortune had been the like, vpon the condition that I had payd for his Buriall.

But to speake a little of the nature of Beasts, and of the seruice and fidelitie of Dogges toward their Masters;

sters : *Quintus Curtius* writes, that the Elephant whereon *Porus* the Indian King roode in the Battle against *Alexander*, when the King was beaten downe to the ground, that the Elephant drew his Master with his Trunke out of the danger of the Fight, and so sau'd him.

A Groome of the Chamber to French King *Francis* the first, was murdered in the Forrest of *Fountain Belleau*, but the said Groome had a Dogge, who afterward (in the presence of the King & all the Court) did teare the Murderer in peeces.

Amongst the Watermen at the *Black-Friers*, there lately was a little Bitch that Whelped or Litter'd in the Lane vnder a bench, the Men perceiued that she had more Pup-pies then she could sustaine, did take three of them and cast them into the Thames, (the water being high) but the next day, when the water was

was ebd away, the Bitch went downe the staires, and found her three drowned Puppies, when presently she dig'd a deepe pit in the ground, and drew them into it one after an other, and then scrap'd the grauell vpon them and so hid them.

I could produce and relate many of these examples and accidents, but they are so frequent and familiar, that almost euery man hath either known or heard of the like: But chiefly for the Dogge, he is in request aboue all Beastes, and by and from Dogges our Separatists and *Amsterdamsians*, and our Precise dispisers of all honest and laudable Recreations may see their errors; For of all the Creatures, there are most diuersitie in the shapes and formes of Dogges; of all which, there are but two sorts that are vsfull for Mans profit, which two are the Mastiffe, and the little Curre, Whip-
pet,

pet, or House-dogge; all the rest are for pleasure and recreation; so likewise is the Mastiffe for Beare and Bull: But the Water-spaniell, Land-spaniell, Grey-hound, Fox-hound, Buck-hound, Blood-hound, Otter-hound, Setter, Tumbler, with *Shough* and *Dainty*, my Ladies delicate Fisting hound; all these are for pleasure, by which we may perceiue that Man is allowed lawfull and honest recreation, or else these Dogges had neuer bin made for such vses.

But many pretty ridiculous aspersions are cast vpon Dogges, so that it would make a Dogge laugh to heare and vnderstand them: As I haue heard a Man say, I am as hot as a Dogge, or, as cold as a Dogge; I sweate like a Dogge, (when indeed a Dogge neuer sweates,) as drunke as a Dogge, he swore like a Dogge: and one told a Man once,
That

That his Wife was not to be be-
leeu'd, for she would lye like a Dog,
marry (quoth the other) I would
giue twelue pence to see that
trick, for I haue seene a
Dog to lye with his
Nose in his
Tayle.

FINIS.
